

BILLY WHISKERS

by FRANCES TREGO MONTGOMERY

Part I

"My, aren't they homely, sneaky, shifty-eyed looking things," thought Billy, as he approached the hyenas' cage. "I would not like to meet one alone after dark, but still I hear they are cowardly and wait until one is dead before they try to eat him up. I don't think I will make a long call, for they grin and laugh too much, and their laughter has no mirth in it. It is just a loud guffaw." So he only stayed a few minutes and then went on to a beautiful white llama's cage.

"Good morning, Miss Llama," said Billy, very politely, for he wished to get in the good grace of the beautiful Miss Llama, whom he admired very much for her long, silky, white hair and mild, brown eyes.

"Good morning, Mr. Whiskers," she replied. "How do you find yourself after our Saturday night's trip?"

"Very well," said Billy, "but I am afraid you must have had a bad shaking up where the bridge was broken, if you had to go down that steep embankment to cross the creek."

"You are right; it was steep," said the llama, "and I was nearly scared to death when I felt the water running into my cage and I had just given myself up as lost when it commenced to recede, and I was thrown on my knees by the cage being pulled with a jerk up the opposite bank. How did you get across?"

"Oh, easily! I just jumped across from one pier of the bridge to the other," said Billy. "I met a friend of mine and we went off and had a fine time. How I wish you could get out of that cage, so you could go with me some time!"

"You don't wish it more than I do, and it always makes me weep, when we are driven along the sweet-smelling roads, to think that I can't get out and must be shut in here for life."

"It really is a shame, for you are too pretty to be shut in a cage. Are you sure you can't break some of those bars some night and get out?"

"I am sure," said the llama, "for I have tried time and again."

"Well, Billy Whiskers, you are the 'consarndest' goat I ever knew, and how in the 'dickens' you managed to break that chain is more than I can tell," Billy and Miss Llama heard someone say behind them, and looking around they saw the animal keeper.

"So, so; you simply pulled up the stake you were tied to when you found you could not chew your chain in two, did you? Well, come along with me; you have been idle long enough, and we are going to teach you some new tricks."

(What those tricks were you'll hear in the next story).—Copyrighted by the Saalfield Publishing Co., Akron, O.

PART II

When Billy heard that he was to be taught some new tricks his heart sank, for he disliked the ring master and was afraid they would make him stand on his hind legs and walk. Had he only known it, that was the easiest thing he would have to do. He was led to the performing ring, and there stood the hated ring master facing a line of animals standing in a straight line reaching from one side of the ring to the other. In the

middle stood the elephant, with the summer house, as Billy called it, on his back; next him stood a camel; next the camel a giraffe; next the giraffe a horse; next the horse a zebra, and last a little Shetland pony. On the other side of the elephant were more animals standing in the same order.

"What in the world can they want of me," thought Billy, but he soon found out, for they dressed him up as a clown in a white suit with red spots on it and tied a mask on his face and a pointed clown's cap on his head. Then they led him to where the pony stood and made him walk up a step ladder, on to a little platform strapped to the pony's back. From this he was made to walk up another step on to a similar platform on the zebra's back; here he was made to stop and make a bow, and so on until he had reached the little summer house on the elephant's back. This he was made to enter and sit upright on a little seat that was inside while the elephant started forward and walked out of the ring carrying Billy with him.

After this he was dressed as a workman, with a pipe in his mouth and a hod of mortar strapped to his shoulder, and made to walk part way round the ring on his hind legs. Then he was allowed to rest and was given a bunch of carrots to eat. While he was eating these Betty was brought in hitched to a little low-wheeled cart. Then a Great Dane dog was brought in hitched to a similar cart. After that a man pulled in another cart like the other two and hitched Billy to that. The carts were painted red, white and blue and trimmed with flags. Soon three little dogs dressed as ladies were carried in, put into the carts, with the reins over their necks. Then the goat, burro, and dog were put neck to neck, ready to start on the race that was to begin when the ring master cracked his whip.

At the signal the dog got started ahead, but half way around the ring Billy passed him; the next time around the dog was ahead, when slow Betty balked in the middle of the course and both the goat and dog ran into her upsetting the carts and spilling out the little lady drivers. None of them was hurt, and the little dogs ran around stepping on their silk petticoats and getting their hats askew, they enjoying the upset by barking and making all the noise they could.

"Well, boys, you want to do it better at the regular performance," said the ring master as the animals were led from the ring.

(Next week Billy visits town again).—Copyrighted by the Saalfield Publishing Co., Akron, O.

NINE YEAR OLD TWINS

DISPLAY MORE TALENT THAN MOZART HIMSELF

Even Mozart, the most remarkable child musician ever known, must now take second place to Mildred Wellerson, nine year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Max Wellerson, of New York City, say scores of opera conductors, composers of international fame, professors of music, and music lovers.

Mildred's twin sister, Eugenia, is a wonderful musical prodigy, too, but she is so far outshined that she is little talked about.

Both parents of the girls are musicians and their parents were musicians too, for many generations back. Their mother, formerly Miss Mera Skelnik, fell in love with their father when she was acting as an accompanist for him.

Mrs. Wellerson, recognizing the greater talents of her daughters, has entirely given up her own career, and is devoting herself to training Mildred and Eugenia.

WE SPENT THANKSGIVING IN DAYTON

Papa, mamma, sister and I went to Dayton on Thanksgiving. We had a big ride in the train. We went to Aunt Mary's. We came back Friday morning at 10 o'clock. My Aunt Mary bought me a new dress. She bought my little sister a sack of candy. When we came home Aunt Mary brought us to the station. We all said goodbye and came home. —Theresa Falcone, Grade 3B.

Those too quick
To suspect
Find the ill
They expect.

"That Trip to France"

CHAPTER I

Who Goes to France—Popular Miss Norman or Unpopular Rival?

It was the first day of school after the Christmas holidays, now almost ten months ago, when this story began.

In Kokomo, Indiana, two groups of girls were going home from school. Down one street sauntered Dorothy McMillan, Helen Fielding, Marjorie Saunders, and three or four of their friends, all pupils of the sixth grade.

On another street were Jean McMillan, Dorothy's sister; Mildred Waters, Martha Avery and Florence Swanson. They were one year ahead of Dot and Helen's bunch, for they had advanced from the lowly sixth into the more dignified seventh.

Now it happened that in Kokomo the sixth grade teacher, Miss Mabel Norman, was very popular. Every boy and girl who had ever been in her grade was in love with her. To the boys she was a "peach," to the girls a "perfect dear."

It also happened that Miss Jeanette Bauer, eighth grade teacher, was exceedingly unpopular. She had never been able to make friends with her pupils. She was cordially disliked. "Old" or "That old" were the prefixes most commonly awarded her by the young folks who underwent what they considered the severe ordeal of spending a year in her room.

And so on that chilly January evening two plots were being hatched.

One group, the sixth-graders, were planning to send Miss Norman to France, because they liked her so well. The other group, the seventh-graders, were planning to send Miss Bauer to France, so that they would not have to go to her the following fall. Miss Bauer had once said that if ever she got across the ocean she certainly would stay there awhile and study.

"I don't see why we can't do it," argued Florence Swanson. "I read it right in the News night before last. The teacher in this county that gets the most votes is going to have a trip to France free. There will be a coupon in the paper every night. I know positively that everybody from the seventh grade up would vote for Miss Bauer every night, just to get her away from here. All we need to do is to whisper it around. Gee! Won't it be sport!"

CHAPTER II

At the very same time that Jean McMillan and her friends were plotting to send Miss Bauer to France, so they would not have her as their teacher next year, Dot, Helen, and Marjorie, of the sixth grade, were enthusiastically planning a campaign to declare Miss Norman by far the most popular of all teachers in Indiana.

"Girls, I don't think they need to take a vote to see who is the most popular teacher in this county. Everybody knows it's Miss Norman. I'm going to cut out a coupon and send it in every night, and I know everybody in the sixth grade will do it, too."

"Why, Jean adores Miss Norman. Last year when she was in the sixth grade, she wouldn't talk about anything or anyone else. I know now Jean was right. I'll bet Miss Norman is the finest teacher anywhere." Dot and her friends chattered on. Of course, Miss Norman would win. There would be no competition.

The News was delivered early that evening. When Dot reached home and had taken off her wraps she was delighted to see it on the table already. Sure enough, in big type on the front page, was an ex-

planation of "the Contest Which Starts Today."

"Who is the most popular teacher in Howard county?" the headlines shouted—"The votes of the school boys and girls will decide. Cut out the coupon on page 5 and send it in tonight."

Dot quickly turned to page five. All she saw was a little square hole in the sheet. The coupon had already been clipped.

"Jean, Jean," she ran through the house calling. But Jean was not there. She looked out of a window. Way down by the corner was Jean, sticking a letter in the mail box.

"Now, I see," thought Dot to herself. "She's a dear. She is voting for Miss Norman herself."

It was a cold evening. Jean was back again in a jiffy. Dot met her at the door. "Did you mail the coupon?"

Jean smiled and replied, "Sure I did."

"Who did you vote for—Miss Norman?" Jean smiled still more and replied sweetly: "There isn't a teacher on this county any finer than Miss Norman. I suppose she will get it."—More Next Week.

DOLLAR IDEAS

Home Made Christmas Candies

Home made candy always sells readily at Christmas time. The girl who plans carefully, securing her orders in advance, can make a neat little sum. There are a number of delicious kinds which can be made with little or no sugar, and that will be a big advantage this year.

Maple Pralines

Boil maple syrup until it makes a firm ball when dropped in cold water. Remove from the fire, and when partly cool stir in a cupful of pecan or hickory-nut meats. Grease the small round hollows in the bottoms of inverted teacups and fill with the candy mixture. Pack the lozenge-shaped goodies in neat boxes, with waxed paper between the layers.

Kisses

2 cups granulated sugar
1 cup water
½ teaspoon vinegar
Boil until it "hairs" when poured from a teaspoon held high in the air. When the syrup is partly cool, add one-third teaspoon vanilla and the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. A little shredded coconut or chopped almonds may be added, if desired. Beat five minutes, drop on buttered paper and brown ½ minute in a hot oven.

Butter Scotch

1 cup karo syrup
1 cup brown sugar
1 tablespoonful butter
Boil until it makes a hard ball of wax when dropped in water. Pour into square tins, buttered and thickly spread with nut meats. When cold, cut into squares and wrap in oiled paper.

Molasses Taffy

3 cups Orleans molasses
1 cup granulated sugar
Boil until it makes firm wax in cold water. Set off from the stove, and stir about one teacupful at a time until cool. Then grease hands thoroughly, and pull until the taffy is a pale yellow. Twist into strips the thickness of one's finger, and cut into inch chunks with shears. Wrap in oiled paper.

Pretty holly boxes may be bought at the store, or you may use candy boxes you have in the house. Remember that home made candy is always best when freshly made.

NO ONE SHOOTS TRUER THAN RICHARD L. BECK, BOY MARKSMAN OF OHIO

(True Story of a Real Boy)
Richard Lee Beck, of Bridgeport, Ohio, the city once famous for having the saloon with the longest bar in the world, claims to be the international champion boy rifle shot. He bases his claim on the fact that last year he won the Junior National Rifle Shoot.

Richard started to shoot when he was only five years old. His father encouraged him and helped him. In the fall they would go hunting together; at other seasons they practiced shooting at targets.

Richard hopes to be grown up before another war comes along. He thinks that he and Sergeant Alvin York will be in the same class.

The largest high school in the United States is the Polytechnic High school, Los Angeles, Calif., with an enrolment of 8,440.

John in Search Of A Place

"Well, John, have you succeeded today, my son?"

"No, mother; I have been nearly all over town, and no one would take me. But I think if you had been with me, I should have stood a better chance."

It was a cold, bleak night, and John had been out all day "looking for a place." He had tried hard, until it was quite dark, and then gave up, thinking his mother must be tired of waiting for him.

John's mother was a widow, and a very poor one. She had kept herself by needlework, till a severe trial of sickness had confined her to her bed, and she was unable to do more. She told her little son to sit down by the fire, while she got him some food. The fire and the supper she got him were very scanty; but John knew it was the best she could provide, and he felt that he would rather share such a fire and such a supper with so kind a mother, than sit at the best filled table with anybody else who did not love him as his mother, or whom he did not love as he did her.

After a few moments of silence the boy looked up into his mother's face and said: "Mother, do you think it would be wrong to ask my new Sabbath school teacher about a place?"

"No, my child; not if you have at other times, and I think he would be a very proper person; at least, I should think that he would be interested in getting you a good place." "Well, tomorrow is Sabbath day, and when the class breaks up, I will ask him."

After reading a portion of God's Holy word, the mother and her little boy knelt down together to pray. She asked God to bless them with his Holy Spirit, that they might truly repent of sin and through faith in Jesus Christ, obtain pardon. She prayed that God would care for them and as a father give them his rich grace and do that which he knew to be best for them, for Christ's sake.

"I feel happier now," said John. "I was so tired when I came in that I felt quite sad; did I look so, mother?"

The mother's heart was full, and she gave her boy a kiss which was sweeter to him than many words.

(To be continued.)

—Russell Crane.

SEVASTOPOL KINDERGARTEN

KIDDIES ANXIOUS FOR SANTA

The children in the Sevastopol kindergarten are just almost bursting with their plans for Christmas. Everything they are doing, that is, just about everything, is about Christmas, and besides, they have secrets they do not dare to tell to the folks at home and oh, there is a sort of happy excitement in the whole atmosphere. They have gone down to the basement with their teacher, Miss Shera, and have made some candy that makes your mouth water to think about it and they are making presents for their daddies and decorations for Christmas trees.

LET US INTRODUCE

[Continued from Page One]

Schalk and ten boys and girls are members of Professor Hicks' violin class.

Baxter school, seventh ward—violins: Lloyd Outland, Martha Evans, Fay Cox, Richard Little; drums, Maurice Murray; piano, Lois Robbins; assistant piano, Catherine Chrisman. Miss Henderson is the assistant supervisor. Five pupils are in the piano class taught by Mrs. King.

Joseph Moore school, seventh ward—Violins: Mervine Loper, Bernice Simpson, Roland Lane, James Moore; violincello, Benjamin Bentley; drums, Richard Hutchins; piano, Mildred Fox. Mrs. Nice is assistant director. Seven pupils make up the violin class and several are members of Mrs. King's piano class.

Sevastopol school, eighth ward—Violins: Herman Mitchell, Fern Harris, Nola May Arnold, John William Lantz, Mildred Snyder; violincello, Ruth Borton; cornet, Melville Harris; bells, Ruth Burdall; piano, Miss Shera. Miss Shera is assistant supervisor and also teacher of the piano class which numbers seventeen members.

All of these orchestras are practicing the same music and some time they are going to play together in one big concert. Mr. Maddy hopes this concert will be given some time in January.

